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## A PAINFUL INCONGRUITY.

**R**ICHARD HUNT'S masterpiece, the Lenox Library, will soon be a pile of old stones for the first bidder to build into cellar walls or dump into a hole, as he sees fit.

The controversy that led Mr. Frick to withdraw his offer to erect the structure in Central Park settled the fate of the building once and for all. No champion has been forthcoming. The contractors who are making ready the site for the millionaire's new residence rejoice because now they can knock the library to pieces and haul it away in twenty-eight days instead of the three months required if they must number the stones and keep them intact.

So, goodbye forever to one of New York's finest buildings. Nobody seems to have thought of the beautiful memorial to the dead architect which stands on the other side of Fifth avenue, just opposite his spurned masterpiece. That memorial was fittingly placed where Richard Hunt's bust might forever face his greatest work. The city has allowed his greatest work to go to the rubbish pile. Do not common decency and fitness suggest that the city provide some new resting place for the memorial?

Or, will New York let the bust of its most famous architect remain to gaze sorrowfully across the street at the palace of a Pittsburgh coke burner?

## MORE ADVICE.

**T**WO distinguished German scientists tell us that modern man's great need is lime. When we eat boiled eggs and leave the shells we make a big mistake. We should eat the shells. The lime therein increases strength and vitality, fights off germs, strengthens the heart, cures inflammations, sets broken legs, nourishes the brain and promotes happiness, ambition and personal charm.

More yet. According to these learned doctors lime is the antidote for race suicide. They have proved it by experiments: Eight white mice on a lime diet produced fifty-three mouselets, while eight others on ordinary fare were favored with but nine offspring. It is well known that hens cease laying when there is no lime in their feed, etc., etc.

A new cure-all, then: Three times a day a half-teaspoonful of chloride of lime dissolved in water. The effect is wonderful. It will prolong a man's life to the last moment.

## HAS IT COME TO THIS?

**M**UST citizens of New York from their private pockets hire an outside detective force to hunt down a gang of murderers because the city police hang back and cannot be trusted? The tale of what the police have left undone since the shooting of Rosenthal in the early morning hours of last Tuesday lends a strange air of reluctance to the little they have done.

Call in an expert. Admit that honest men do not know on which side of the law the police are working! Could disgrace be deeper?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am acquainted with a handsome young man who claims that he cannot think, and for that reason cannot hold a position or support himself. Will some reader who knows kindly advise me what to do for him?  
J. P. BROWN.

This letter reveals a situation so tense that The Evening World hastens to give it prominence in the hope that some experienced reader may come to the rescue with the right advice. Meanwhile we are going to figure on it ourselves.

**SECRETARY BISHOP**, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, who was here through the hot spell, has sailed back for Colon "to escape the heat!"

Proud news for those who live and hustle all summer in this town! If folks from the tropics get used up by a little warm weather like that, then we local residents are some stickers. We always took it for granted that living near the Equator must be trying and probably too much for us, but shucks, it looks as if we could stand it with anybody on earth!

In these so-called hot countries they knock off work in the middle of the day and take a nap until 4 in the afternoon. Nothing like that for us. Champion hot-weather workers of the world—that's what we are!

PERHAPS "Bull Mice" is the much sought plural!

"Bomb for Alfonso's Aunt."

Located at last!

## Letters From the People

A Drug War.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish the city would wage war on the sellers of that murderous drug, cocaine, which has caused the death of so many. This drug can be bought too easily. There seems to be no let up in the sale of it, which offers a big profit. The sale of this terrible poison should be stopped.  
S. W.

Frances Editorial.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish to express my admiration and approval of the sentiments expressed by you in a recent editorial on cruelty to animals over which was printed "Don't Find the Trouble." To quote your words, "no inconvenience or natural shrinking from publicity should deter one from turning the offender over to the law." Many cases of cruelty are seen by men and women who feel a keen sympathy, but also feel their inability to help the poor animals—only by calling attention of passersby who seem to feel a reluctance to interfere. Your words are inspiring and I shall hereafter feel more

courage to help lift the burden from the brute. If one is inspired many others must be; and one little word occasionally, in such a paper as yours, is of great value in a cause which must appeal to all who are just and humane.  
MRS. C. RICHARDSON.

Think Downtown Clerks Rude?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have noticed and so have a whole lot of other people that we find more courtesy and willingness in clerks in uptown stores (above Canal street) than in downtown business districts. I do not know why unless because many of the downtown stores cater to the trade of men rather than to the trade of women. I do not say, either, that the rudeness, coarseness, etc., of downtown clerks is universal or even general. But I do say it is frequent; far too frequent. What do others think about this?  
E. SMITH.

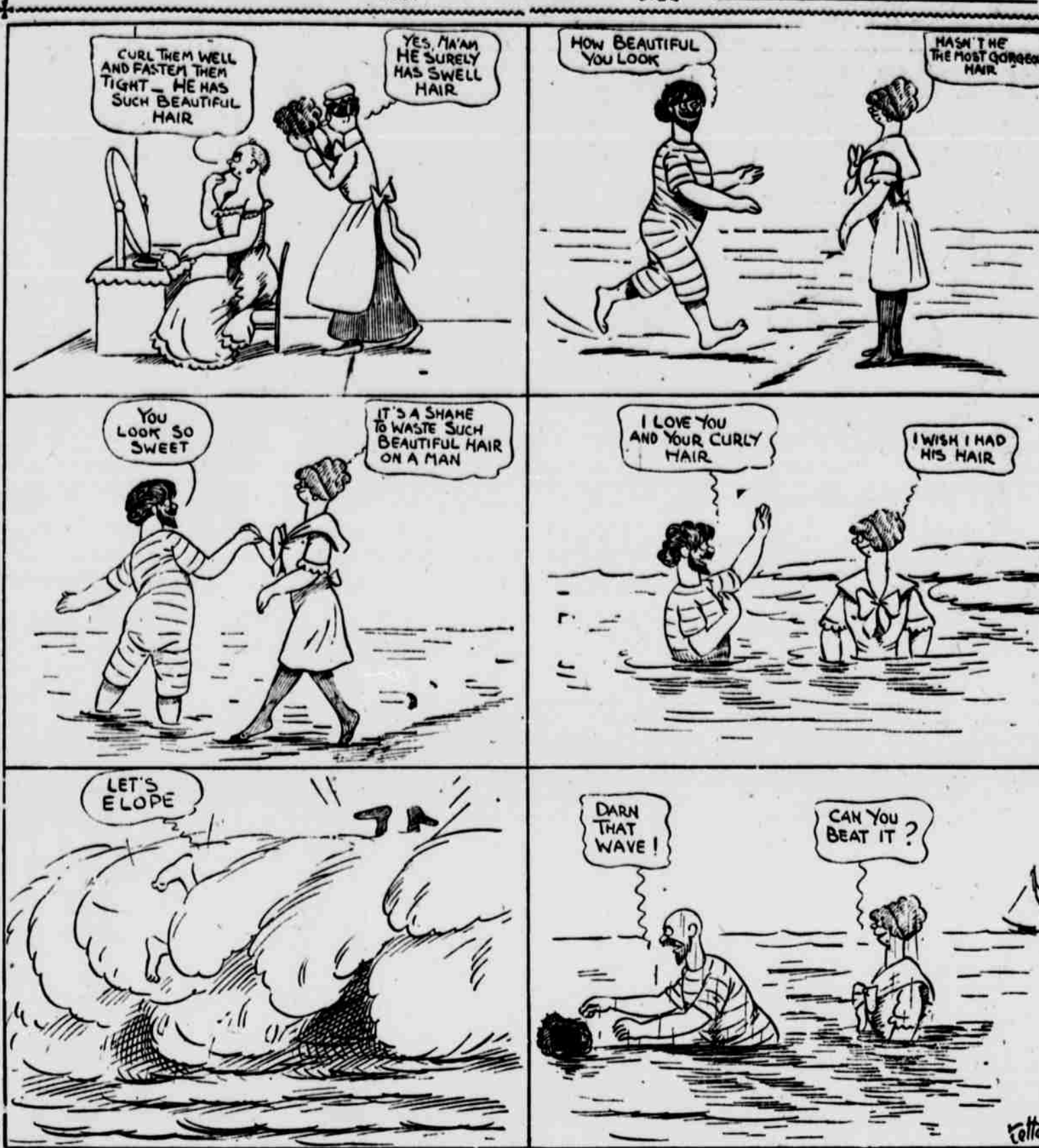
On Side Nearest Curb.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Should a gentleman, when walking with two ladies, walk on the side nearest the curb or between the two ladies?  
C. K.

## Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

**Mrs. Jarr Sets a Matrimony Trap To Ensnare a Harmless Bachelor**

**The Thief Who Steals Your Time**  
By Sophie Irene Loeb.

**A** BUSINESSMAN writes: "In reading the 'Talks with Live Women' it occurs to me that one of the subjects that is as alive as any other is this matter of infringing on a person's time. And I believe that this is more the case with woman than man. She will come into the office, take up your time, ask all kinds of questions, and stray off on some other subject. A man does not want to be interrupted by cutting her off short and there you are. This happens every day. It would seem to me that people, especially those who are not in business themselves, should realize that the busy man's time is worth something to him and should respect it accordingly. Besides, I have even seen many business women of considerable experience who have, in the course of commercial communication, gone off on a tangent on some subject that has nothing to do with the case at hand; and many valuable moments were wasted. Now I am not a 'grouch,' but I feel certain that others have suffered from this source, and I take this method of bringing it before the business women."

Yes, Mr. Business Man, you have some reason for grievance. But I do not think the average BUSINESS woman is the transgressor. The real business woman realizes that time is regulated by a pendulum of monetary value, that brevity is not only the soul of wit, but is the asset of the fit, in business.

And when, on an errand bent, to brief her stock in trade, for like the candle, the longer she stands the shorter she grows, and eventually burns herself out in the estimation of the man she is dealing with.

While a pleasant word in the midst of a workday period, aside from the business, may not go amiss and may brighten a sordid day, taking up another's time NEEDLESSLY is bad business, no matter how successful the

man. All I do know, he is that type of man who could make a woman happy, if any man could," said Mrs. Jarr.

"And that's why he's never done it!" "Well, I have no time to stand around abusing poor Jack Silver behind his

**THE RIB**  
By Helen Rowland  
She Suggests a Cure for That "Tied" Feeling After Marriage.

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"The strangest thing on earth," remarked the Mere Man, nodding toward the "piazza rocking-chair brigade," as he gently swung the Rib's hammock to and fro, "is that a woman who wouldn't trust a husband 'round the corner alone on a winter evening will trust him all around New York alone for three months in the summer time."

"That's not half so strange," declared the Rib decisively, "as that a man will tie himself to a woman by all the bonds of law and heaven apparently just in order to get away from her, summer and winter, as often as he can."

"But no man ever does," corrected the Mere Man. "That is, he doesn't mean to tie himself at all. The 'tied' feeling comes afterward—along with the 'tired' feeling."

"I wonder why," sighed the Rib, "a pair of lovers can see each other evening after evening for years without seeming to get in the least tired or to falter in their interest and loyalty and devotion?"

"But they don't see each other morning after morning," explained the Mere Man. "The ties that bind—and bind—are the ties of love and loyalty and devotion, but the trivialisities—the laundry, and the breakfast bell, and the cat, and the dog, and the soap, and the towels, and the servants, and the furniture. It's the daily routine; the awful monotony of having to get up and go to bed, go out and come home, eat, walk, talk, dress, breathe and think simultaneously, year after year, that wears love to a frazzle. It's the same old routine that imposes on themselves and on one another which makes them yearn for a change and a little freedom of thought and action."

"Well, what kind of existence would you HAVE them lead, Mr. Cutting?" inquired the Rib coldly, "a separate existence?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Mere Man, "but I DO know that the average man would be loyal and devoted to his wife until the Day of Judgment if she would allow him complete freedom in his daily habits and entire personal liberty in all the little matters of eating, sleeping, talking, smoking and amusing himself. It's having to do all these little things because you HAVE to, instead of because you WANT to, that makes married life seem so long and dreary. And when a husband is guilty of a defection from the matrimonial bonds it isn't so often for love of another woman as for love of liberty—and a change. If a wife would show the same sacred regard for his individual tastes and preferences as she does for his razor!"

"And if he would display the same respect for her individual rights and her dressing table and her opinions as he does for her toothbrush," put in the Rib.

"Oh—of course!" agreed the Bachelor hastily. "Love's young dream would last forever instead of turning into a nightmare of personal discomfort."

"Yes," agreed the Rib musingly. "When you come to think of it, why SHOULD two people be hungry, or sleepy, or tired, or merry at exactly the same moment—just because they love each other? Why shouldn't each go right on in his or her own sweet accustomed way after the wedding just as they did during the engagement?"

"What?" exclaimed the Mere Man in astonishment. "Why shouldn't a man go right on eating at cafes when he likes, and sitting with his coat off and his feet on the mantelpiece if he likes, and smoking what and as much as he pleases and wearing whatever he pleases?"

"Hear! Hear!" cried the Mere Man delightedly.

"And why shouldn't a woman," continued the Rib, "go right on having her breakfast in bed if she likes and sitting 'round in a kimono if she likes, and reading novels and eating chocolates and wearing curl-pallars if she wants to?"

"Stop!" cried the Mere Man. "You're talking socialism!"

"What's socialism?" inquired the Rib innocently.

"The idea that every man should do as he pleases, provided he doesn't interfere with the rights of other people," explained the Mere Man.

"How perfectly lovely!" sighed the Rib. "Or it would be if a man ever regarded his wife as 'people.'"

"Nonsense," retorted the Mere Man. "The average wife would be drowned in tears if her lovely dove went down to breakfast four minutes ahead of her or wanted his eggs cooked on one side when she preferred hers turned over."

"And the average bridegroom," rejoined the Rib, "would be consumed with wrath if his pesty-wetly wanted to lie in bed and read the newspaper while he ate his breakfast all alone!"

"Yes," sighed the Mere Man. "They marry in order to share one another's hopes and joys and sorrows, and then spoil it all by insisting on sharing one another's meals and secrets and letters and brushes and grousches."

"And," mused the Rib softly, "they call it love!"

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